



A Coppi-Pretzel Production  
Manufactured in the Good States of United Fucking  
America

2019

Front cover designed by Noëlla Bugni

Other images stolen from Google Images

No rights reserved  
Except the right to remain crazy

# Sweet Dreams, Captain Ahabenstein!

*Oh Captain Ahabenstein, out in the sea, alone  
Oh, Captain, what will your dreams be like tonight?  
Will your sea swarm with eels, lightning, and disaster?  
Or will there be manna, sustenance, and nectar?  
Are you, Captain, Captain--are you waking?*

Pip Pipworth had a lame eye, and Captain Ahabenstein didn't like that at all. His eye, which was deformed, would oft be known to shake a baby rattlesnake at three in the morning. Pip could not be forgiven for peering straight into Ahabenstein's rectal abyss, which oozed ceaselessly, leaking out bile and pus; Pip the Lame-Eye put his finger into it, because he knew exactly where it was. It is where he decided to stick his glass retina, in the heart of the Captain's rectal pudding, and where Pip sucked up fluids through a small self inflicted incision attached to a mosquito's nose that was part of his collection of insect appendages, which he kept inside his wallet. A loud sucking sound pierced the air around the Captain's shippe, right into the eardrums of the shippe cows, causing the abortion of a dozen calves and their splash into the knickerbaskets of the assembled mademoiselles, breaking one of their uterine pelvises to pieces.

That's when a train carrying a fleet of whispers arrived at the station, smelling of new pennies wrapped in tinted cellophane. The weight of all the whispers was so great that it pushed air from one side of the tracks to the other, causing the cellophane to flap to the tune of Yankee Doodle Dandy. The whispers themselves came from an Arab's womb, in the form of a very flaccid string of spaghetti.

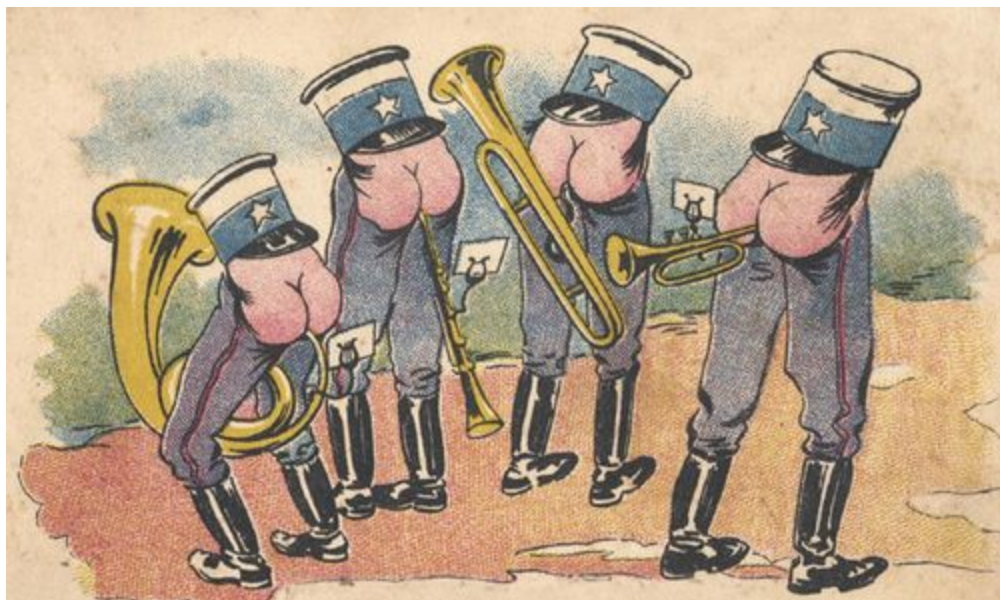




Captain Ahabenstein was aghast at this sight: it caused him to have several severe mental breakdowns which incapacitated him for the rest of his life. Thus the next three subsequent incarnations of his soul were born in successive states of nervous disorder accompanied by the development of melancholic humours. The third incarnation of the Captain was named "Sgqmcplo", and was unaware of his past life as a Shippe Captaine.

Sgqmcplo began his slow trudge home from The Liquid Store® (A Water Place), where he generated liquid from his leaky anus using source code crafted from alchemical texts. The water was then bottled and stored in the abandoned esophagus of a crystalline oyster. Begrudgingly, the oyster reanimated and began to write a series of philosophical treatises which went on to inform the backbone of the next three hundred years of political, cultural and scientific thought. He then immediately went back to sleep and died.

Why a crystalline anus, you ask? Sgqmcplo had retained the plasma of Captain Ahabenstein's psycho-spiritual virus which was, on closer inspection, genetically compatible with an oyster's. Ahabenstein had, in fact, at one time fallen into a large tank of Siamese Snappers - a deadly species of oysters found in great numbers near Afterbirth, Malaysia. Yet with great fortune and ingenuity, our Captain Ahabenstein oozed his way out of the oyster pit, and while he emerged for the most part unscathed, he mistakenly dropped the collected works of Nietzsche into the tank, enclosed within a bundle of cow flakes. Ahabenstein's psyche was thus irrevocably contorted by this experience. On a subliminally crustacean level, the oysters trilled soundwaves directly into his braincunt, distilling his sodden neurons with the unutterable secrets of the Great Deep. So in a typical psychotic haze, Sgqmcplo began to recall this experience with a particularly leaky anus.



One day Sgqmcplo happened upon an anūs meḥænīc named Färtterson Planktech McGhëe, who stopped his anus from leaking. The next day, (Flag Day), the atmosphere sprung a leak in the adjacent parallel universe, AAA97&&.LkWb389 *Beyoncé Agrippa*, and this split the Captain's left foot into universe 6aaa9(0))(7 *BenedictCumberPatch*; which broke into fourteen places.

Färtterson Plankdeck McGhëe began to sweat after this, a nervous sweat which he attempted to quell by lightly dabbing his forehead with a kerchief, in an awkward move, pursing his lips and squinting his eyes to protect from the salty stinging drippes of his mechanical forehead smegma. "This was neve'r in the Anus Textbook," he whispered to himself hopelessly.

Fortunately an Anus opened up another sympathetic, Anally-Configured Universe and, like most anuses, was eventually closed up without a Doctor's stitches. When Sgqmcplo bent over in front of the mirror in order to appreciate his new anus, he began poking it, closing the Universe-splice. He later named his new anus "Mr. Fibblés" as it began taking on a personality.

Mr. Fibblés then turned into an ice cube, a leopard, a hemmed blouse, a kersinch, and then settled into the shape of a long cigarette tin, just before imploding in on itself, thus becoming a palace inside an embroidered cockatoo pocket. The palace was deep hued, but glowing purple with neon laser outlines - encased in a wondrous purple fog - and reverberated all the way from a distant spiritual realm into an empty space in an adjacent, newly forming Universe, next to the Archangel Sammy Sosa's forehead lounge. The palace was not equally visible throughout, and one could only enter if they possessed a key shaped like a lightning rod. As it were, there were two such keys under the mat. The palace was lined with a small section of the Library of Alexandria's books on esotericism and sub-anal astral travel, though all by a certain philosopher by the name of Beau Bridges.

Having tuned his anal stitches, Sgqmcplo found himself in the temporary astral palace as he passed from this life to the next; ironically incarnating within this very rectal palace. His new incarnation's name was Dr. "Henderson". Dr. "Henderson", a man known to chew on sardine heads, not for their nutritious value of course but rather for their amnesiac properties invested in the brains, was married to a vulture woman who enjoyed bringing back dead buffalo testicle carcasses from an odd-smelling ethereal plain in New Brunswick, which was leased from a vacant lot behind the palace. The buffalo oysters stacked high, so high that the dimensional metabolism constipated vertically into Dr. "Henderson's" auxillary rectum. So, he ate countless sardines to forget, and some might say in the explicit desire to become addicted, having already begun buying them by the bucketload from a strange one-eyed Sri Lankan named \_\_\_\_\_<sup>1</sup>.

---

<sup>1</sup> Has asked to not have their name printed in this edition.



Now having acquired a larger market dividend, the Sri Lankan then began stuffing every fish head available with amnesiac crystals, which gave Dr. “Henderson” visions of various possible pasts and futures which he might traverse, and live out in order to experience the innumerable minute possibilities of every different choice or action, thereby exhausting his anal karmic load. He became the very head of the fish he consumed, and resigned for a decade of swimming from ocean to ocean until finally being eaten by a Franciscan monk, but not before being preserved in salted sardine oil for three years and suffering the intolerable condition of hypostasis in the monk’s food pantry and secret masturbation closet. But at last, Dr. “Henderson” regained consciousness of his own ego. To put it ecologically, the fish head passed from his own anus to someone else’s anus all the way to the very door of his sphinctral space castle and straight into the void where sewer-streams flushed one end of the galaxy to the other in a toilet current peopled with innumerable spiritual turds becoming in the process his own especial cosmic turd which became the reincarnated essence of our dear Captain Ahabenstein.

Again incarnate, nonetheless Captain Ahabenstein was still spiritually naked and his gross psychic body was still enveloped in a primordial jello, retained by the preservative properties of the sardine feces. He was carried to Siam over the course of a thousand years, perpetually gathering and re-gathering within the constant river of cosmic refuse forever flowing in the eternal sewers generally located below Angkor Wat, until at last his pulverized cosmic faeces-spirit found itself deposited in a prince’s golden rice bowl at the foot of his throne. Having already reached this stage in the Royal Sex Ritual, he was no longer Captain Ahabenstein, but the sexual yeast infection of his soul. However, once the prince consumed his “chow fe dong”

(butt flakes), he took a shit into the rice bowl, which was then transported to a village where the locals were peer pressured into to worship it, and who placed it over a stone slab with the ceramic replica of a reptile's outstretched, jewel-encrusted anus.

*Which was actually a portal back into Sgqmcplø's pineal gland.*

I nside his pineal gland was the microcosm of a long hallway with many doors and offices attached. The walls stretched for miles into the abyss of a gravely underlit office cubicle. The workers' mindwheels were turning ceaselessly, all of them fixated upon the idea of counterfeiting Sgqmcplø's soul, which lay comatose inside his skull. The transmigrated sardine's offspring had by now spread prodigiously, having consumed sufficient Fæcal+ Nutritional Supplement Sardine Energizer Chunks™, and Sgqmcplø was thus undergoing severe Knowledge Crystal withdrawal, a potent form of liquid LSD, which he had developed quite a fondness for, and so would allow himself the liberty of just one-more-drop every 5 hours or so, for many months. He was immediately placed in an LSD rehabilitation center called Dollar General Hospital, which had an assortment of fine potted hoarsemeates and instant mashed potatoes for patients to snack on while undergoing extensive rectal examinations. Without the substance available for performing intercourse inside his mind, Ahabenstein became slow and dull from the constant state of repairs. He had just exchanged a rusty pin in his ankle for a swarm of insects, which hovered in the sky in the shape of the United States Declaration of Independence, when, in a wizardly but otherwise bafflingly fashion, became the esprit d'esprit of Dinner.





He stepped into a bathroom to put some balm on his tender flesh (with all his clothes on) and turned on the water. But instead of water, out came the whispers from the ghost of Captain Ahabenstein's past pouring out in an erotic frenzy. The whispers came in a stream as grey as the furrows between your thoughts. While his stupefied brain tried to understand this rush of perverted voices, they soon enveloped him and sucked out the various corpuscles lodged throughout his tenderly rotting body. They swarmed all over him and whispered all at once: "Tender is Life's Dream;" an utterance that overwhelmed him. He began vomiting sardines; microzoid sardines which had burrowed into his long-left fallow bowels, which we might as well mention were now spread wide and romantically available, like the vaginal jaws of a Madagascan whale.

...

Ahabenstein's sardines then turned into rectal glue, forming a self-conscious portal to a space station hovering in a distant excuse of a dimension, where every number was written upside down and sideways. The rectal glue was thus slightly thinner, *now* with a *Hint of Lemon*®! Liquid grease began to pour out of poor old Sgqmcplø's ears and formed the Venus De Milo in green tinted resin. A flock of birds flew by and gave him gastric bypass surgery while Bill Clinton whispered a



dictionary in his ear. A flagpole blocked a path covered in grey static, where an orb glew, and refracted light of distant stars. The space between objects lit up in red phosphorescence, and became known to all as the "Great Crimson Nightmare". Ablaze for 20 thousand centuries, it foretold the futures of Grandmas and Walruses.

A little known fact is that Colonoscopy Glenn, a Grandma herself, was afire in this nightmare. Oft to fight for the Prostate Princess' glory, Colonoscopy Glenn would besiege several earthworms to appease her. Naturally, she found herself ablaze in the Great Crimson Nightmare, when she had her arm ripped off in a battle with VomitTron Mage 1952 and later decided to run home and become the prodigal mum of Liechtenstein Quadrant 4; the Prostate Princess died shortly thereafter of infection of the rectal membrane.

Many Grandmas were contained in the vast Crimson Nightmare, but what interested me most was the little glacier which floated in empty space, providing an infra-cosmic habitat for a polar bear, who eventually became a constellation in INFOTAINMENT ZONE 151, whose name was in accordance with the new interstellar categorical system implemented in 2025.



The constellation actually only constituted the outstretched arms of a frozen ice mime in Deep (Unwanted) space. Everything in this corner of space was frozen, except for a narrow entryway which, on closer inspection, actually turned out to be a platypus egg. There was a very narrow breach in this egg, which emitted a shining light. When several thousand billion Grandmas were sucked out from the

Great Crimson Nightmare into this breach, it turned out to terminate in a Frenchman's decrepit apartment.

The Frenchman was attempting to draw the same mime over and over again- a mime that happened to have an anchor attached on its forehead. Next to him, a mountain of crumpled and discarded drawings kept piling higher, a monument erected to his sexual frustration. He was a true Frenchman; his name was Gastard Gastard de Gastonouillielle. He earned a meagre living waiting on tables in an American café, spending all his money on his failed art and giving off the impression of spoiled meat. His only purpose seemed to be to successfully draw the mime as he saw it in his mind, an image most likely spawned from a dream he once had after too much *fromage* (he had ear fungus too). He was on his nine thousandth drawing, when in fact the mime (which was his grandma) from the interstellar abyss materialized and stepped out in three dimensional form due to the overcoagulation of Grandmas in the *GreatCrimsonNightmareOilSpill*<sup>2</sup>. The mime stood before him, standing upon his drawing table, with its vagina spread so wide that an anus orb plopped into Gastard's mouth. The mime then thrusted from its egg and into the rectal abyss (which plagued his crotch with syphilis) and began to mount Gastard Gastard unabashedly using the anus orb as a 'pleasure symbol'.

But because This Wasn't Meant To Happen\*, the apartment and everything had all shrunk down to the size of a grain of sand, erupting into a plasma that melted into an ocean, which poured over the side of a million-mile-wide derby hat lodged in a labrador's mouth, where it was digested and shat out in the form of molten fecal samples, resulting in all the veterinarians associated with the cleanup ending up forming a coalition against molten fecal samples futilely. So the samples just incinerated them, the day after Flag Day. It was then that Sgqmcpld died in this dimension and became reincarnated as Astrid Anustöppē, an amphibious creature that slinked about train stations inside a fluid fecal sample.

---

<sup>2</sup> Which smelt of spoiled rashes



A creature from Sendari L Abduction Zone Port One abducted Astrid every night while he was asleep and played a movie of both his and Ahabenstein's life with parts added in and cut out from inside the right testicle. Astrid would soon find out that the creature was playing a tape of events that would soon happen to both of them in the future. Astrid sought after the tapes and he eventually destroyed them, which erased Astrid from this universe and transported the remainder of him (and Ahabenstein's lingering consciousness) into an icicle on a ring of Funtime Aquablob 89, a corporately owned and operated nasal orifice and live-in water bottling facility on the far side of the galaxy.

A spacecraft then appeared.

The spacecraft's door opened and out came a giant walking crab smoking a tobacco pipe wearing a stovetop hat with a tiny Canadian flag on it. He puffed his pipe and smoke billowed out in the shape of a penis. The penis floated around for a bit, but eventually started inserting and re-inserting itself into a chimney pipe or an industrial factory of some sort. The factory and everyone in it eventually drowned in a toxic mix of smoke semen, and soon after a deluge of chimney tobacco plant crabblings made their way towards the equator, where they played parcheesi and drank limoncello on the shore for several generations. They then decided to destroy the planet by infecting everyone with a neurological disease that caused prolonged lifespan, but also incurable dentitis.



Ahabenstein's disembodied spine soon realized these were all just pubic crabs in one Vaginal Astral God. Many astronauts have crashed into the rarefied groin of an intangible deity only to spread crabs to their neighbor's crabs. You might as well count the amount of thoughts which drift up into the galactic forehead™ and condense into semenoid fossils for future universes. In the Cosmic Forehead Graveyard a trillion dead astronauts already lie, awaiting a casserole from their Wife™ ..... These are the eyes of former minds, collected from dead Chinese peasants, from Swedes' swordfish, from the thoughts of sleeping Japanese bamboo<sup>3</sup>. They listened to the Great Cosmic Silence, which is so loud that no living human consciousness can discern anything but the most sensual drops of sundry stillness nectar. Buried in this otherworldly forehead, the astronauts of a million seas swam in the ocean of the eternal cosmic mind dream like so many pock-marked sardines, under a great blue endless cotton sky - all dissolving like a raindrop on the mustache of an Arab steering his wayward ship, upon waters as crystal blue as the diamonds hidden in one's eye.

...



---

<sup>3</sup> According to Japanese folk wisdom children grow best when the bamboo is pregnant.

Captain Ahabenstein fell fast asleep for 800 centuries. He began sleep talking in the fifty-sixth century of his slumber, and by the sixtieth, an entire religion was derived from his sonorous renderings. They were pervertedly scribbled down by a piece of nose fungus, which fermented into over-ripened fruit plucked from a monk's elbow. By the four hundredth century of slumber, the religion had spawned new ideologies and schisms, and had had its rise and wane several times over, including among nectarines. By the time Captain Ahabenstein had awoken, the monk changed his name to "Dandruff Jones" and was never seen again. The religion had already perished from the Earth, with the Captain none the wiser. A piece of lead flew down from its lengthy journey across the globe and sputtered out old memories out of its exhaust pipe. The Captain then inserted lead into his anus- he couldn't help it. He in fact had a disease that led him to shove any shiny metal object into his rectum for at least thirty days at a time (until the next promising Flag Day that is). He would have a whole living room set in his cavity, "marinating" up there as he liked to say, slathered in his own prostate glue, while the kitchen utensils were surgically removed by a Siamese<sup>4</sup> Cunnilungus scholar, which was employed by a butterfly scientist working on a sliding scale payment system 'for' "the youthful masses".

After having his cavity removed, he took his months supply of knowledge crystals, all at once, right on schedule. A billowing cloud enveloped him, and Dandruff Jones appeared near the nape of his neck, tugging at his collar like a rabid homosexual ape. "Whattaya got there? huh? huh?" he nagged, but Captain Ahabenstein was empty and had nothing on his person. Captain Ahabenstein became the smoke which became a devil which had shot the world out of Myanmar, without further ado, for economic reasons. Captain Ahabenstein then stepped out of his own shadow, and his shadow walked off into the distance.

A big turd hit Captain Ahabenstein in the teeth while enjoying a brisk Winter's walk one eve. This did not deter his evening, however. He whittled some magnesium while genuflecting at the sight of a housefly buzzing by. He then likely vanished and reappeared in an adjacent world some thirty light years away. He was on top of a cliff and saw fit to destroy all of his belongings. One by one, he threw them all over the side of the cliff. A school of bats snatched them up, and brought them all home to make repurposed office gifts.

...

Captain Ahabenstein was bathed in a tub of cottage cheese. The cheese was milked from a Ukrainian peasant girl of very firm teats. They were cottaging together on the forehead of a giant cabbage in space. It was a peaceful world. There was a giant well that went all the way down to where an ocean floated in ether, filled with the swimming ripples of mooncalves. Captain Ahabenstein spent several hundred years with the Ukrainian bride, but it was all in actuality just a few minutes of microcosmic time in a grain of sand in his dentist's hourglass' penis on

---

<sup>4</sup> For only \$14-20.99 per hour per session

a crystalline clitoris. She was extracting teeth from his anus when she asked seductively: "One lump or two?", referring of course, to his anal suppositories which were made of potted sardine heads. Captain Ahabenstein recovered a walrus colony near a cave, and he used a heap of rainbow trout to lure them in, whereupon he rubbed sardine grease all over his body, strapped tusks to his mouth, and slithered further along like a rice cake.

Ahabenstein then mated with several of the females until at last the walrus group became aware of his chicanery *and* his anus, which was met with an unsavory progression of chomping. But Captain Ahabenstein had built up his anal muscles in an Arabian Anus Friend's League, and even the walrus' vice-like mouth was no match for his turnip-like anushole and, well, even though he still had to get the teeth removed, (which was why he was at the dentist), he did alright, all things considered.

The dentist stroked his beard and flipped his finger against Ahabenstein's anus each time after pacing around his office and muttering to himself, "Yes, yes... of course, yes... anus... yes..." The teeth hung there like a demented smile gaping up at the Dentist and his panorama of illustrations of the Kama Sutra upon the wall, as the Dentitus Mechanic paced once more and said, "I'm going to keep them in, because I think you will benefit greatly from them." He stroked his moustache. "Yes," he muttered, pacing continuously around the office, "Science has always needed an anus like yours... Science has... been waiting a long time for your anus, my dear Herbert."





The Dentist, even though he knew that Ahabenstein was not so named, then cryogenically froze Herbert for several eons, so that technological science might in the future study his fine specimen of a rump. Upon awakening, an accompanying scientist injected his tattered rectal dermis with sea snail urine, a preservative. This ensured the quality of the tissue remained intact. Next, the scientist invited a family of hermit crabs to freely explore his cavity while he lay awake. The scientists had achieved their end goal: an anal display like this only comes once in a lifetime. Herbert was artificially kept alive by external tendrils and an ecosystem flourishing in his lower intestine. This was the start of... new life, a chance to create a world where, tulips and rose petals blossom...

Unfortunately, under the scalpel Herbert's anus became dilapidated like a withering tangelo tree, the ecosystem collapsed, China annihilated ten space stations, and there was a general decimation of utopian longings. Yet there was a remainder, which shot out into the universe-soul on the propulsion provided by his flatulence. It entered the mouth of a Granny walking to the toy store with her grandson. She swallowed the flatulent mold of air and digested it into her own digestive organism. This was thereupon transferred to a batch of cookies which made its way into an astrophysicist's autistic child who was a friend of the grandson. With the vital force of the flatulence's microbial exocolony, the child discovered the equation for quantum epistemology, which elucidates the essence of things, generally speaking, when (re)frying the ontological placenta (recipe on pg. 203).

BUT Herbert himself had become a hamburger maker at a Polish restaurant. He found a girlfriend named Matthew and they would eat hot dogs on Fridays in his apartment. His anal ecosystem fertilized an entire galaxy. Herbert became racked with guilt over the creation of this new world - (he had only heard stories about it) - but he was barred from ever visiting, or even emailing its bosomly nectar of ethereal consummation. He would stare out the window of his apartment, quietly munching on a wet hot dog with his gaze straight ahead with his eyes listless. "What a wonderful world that I will never visit, never take part in, never caress," stated Herbert in melancholy bliss. He swooned, but then soon was distracted by a tickling in his anus.

He was soon to discover that his asshole was cosmically linked to the galaxy it helped spawn, which farted with glee every time a new star was born. The astrophysicist's child grew up to be a degenerate astro-philosopher with an "intuitive" understanding of "quantum principles", and quickly ascended to the throne of King of Galaxy Anüs Stone, in Chile. When Herbert would fall asleep at night, the King would feast on his dreams, and toy with the themes and sexophobic contents contained therein. Herbert's dreams became a whirlwind of fascination and terror to him and he often spent sixteen hours a day asleep so as to meticulously explore these twisted torture gardens of ecstasy...

Pleasure gardens and torture beds: the sexuality of Herbert was in his deepest female memories. Long ago in his childhood, he touched an anus which, in all actuality, was not at all an anus, but an anus cünt. He didn't know, because in

a completely understandable way, the ‘anus’ he encountered was an hermaphroditic orifice, a golden lotus. It belonged to his younger cousin, who was trained in the splurting of various fluids from her chambers, always adept in inciting in turn an olfactory splurting within Herbert’s nostril chambers, which happened to stimulate the most tender sensations in his organs.

It was Labor Day, and his parents and all the aunts and uncles and cousins were wallowing in existential muck in the recesses of their fetid minds while sticking weiners (figuratively or otherwise) into their various orifices and labias; Herbert and his cousin were along the side of the house among the rhododendrons, slandering papal authority. Their orifices had already tasted the weiners, and now they were hungry for a little bit more hot sauce.

Her Name was Rudia, but she was really nothing else like anything Herbert had sucked on before, using his pimply orifice and liquid drool. They recognized quickly that their genitalia transcended the normal bounds of libidinal eroticism, despite, and because of familial relations. The point being, that certain orifices tend to gravitate to certain other orifices, and in cultivating a relationship the appendages involved should exhibit the most enthusiastic fancies towards each other in order to, facilitate this. This was how Herbert and Rudia communicated on a sublingual level and ended up fingering one another in the neighbor’s rosebushes.

It began with a simple utterance: “did you enjoy the weiners?” It all went downhill from there. Down the hill of desire. They pooped on each others sex.

Rudia guided his finger into the labial-penile orifice; It was like a penis entering into the womb of the galactic economy. Certain sparks discharged into the atmosphere, and the genitali structure (in the form of a woodcock) began bleeding the most refined sexual liquids, which are worth £7,900 in the anal fluctuations market.

Herbert then bottled all of the excretions, sealed the cork, and placed a tiny bomb in Rudia’s cunt. “Is that for me?” exclaimed Rudia, in the heat of her death-drive sub-libidinal sexual homoerotic ecstasy. “Yes, all for you my dear Rudia...” Herbert mumbled as he grabbed a matchbook out of his coat pocket to give to Rudia. “Will you...let me do it? Just this once?” Rudia said, dripping excretions all over the bomb. “Yes, of course, all for you my dear Rudia...”

Rudia then grasped her breasts as she lit the bomb, exploding her body into many grotesque pieces. “Yes, all for you my dear Rudia...” Herbert was heard saying as he gathered the pieces of her exploded body and boarded his magnetic capsule to the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>5</sup> Galaxy.

Rudia’s consciousness was still intact aboard the little capsule, Herbert became aware of it when he heard a voice in his ear asking to touch his “little hot

---

<sup>5</sup> <sup>3</sup> Name unavailable <sup>3</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>3</sup>

dog". Herbert recognized her voice at once, and discovered immediately what was going on. He prepared a jar of jelly plasm and with an ionizer electrically gathered her mind within.

There just happened to be an alien vessel traveling nearby, a telepathic squid colony that ate sentient cabbage and gathered mind substance like the one in Herbert's jar, which the squid things sensed with their squigglecunt antennae flakes flailing like flaccid neurophalluses in a semen infested homosexual cockpit. The mind beams hearkened to the jelly plasm, which contained Rudia thinking about Herbert's little hot dog, assuming the duty of teleporting it over to the squidvessel. Herbert realized this soon enough, and before the squids could confiscate his cousin's plasma, he shot a giant web of semen-like substance which disrupted the telepathic field and encased the squid vessel from mouth to anus all over. Once it consumed the infertile ovulum, the semen was so heavy, such a leaden substance, that the squidship ended up dropping at a cataclysmic speed through space for all of eternity, until landing in a mustache embedded somewhere between Ben Affleck's second thoughts. But before doing so, the squidship shot out one of its tentacles and dragged them with it.

It was Tuesday, and Herbert's scrotum was ripe with promise. He cast a spell to invoke a helpful spirit who would guide him through the turnpikes and banal wastelands that comprised New Jersey. This alternate New Jersey was identical to reality, except that it contained no fowl or insects,--just an ever pervading sense of existential delusion which threatens to heave you into the heart of darkness.

Herbert plucked several hairs from the moustache and fashioned a Turkish fez out of them, which was properly adorned on the many months-long orgies and feasts he embarked on over the course of twenty-four months in the Spring of 1972. This was, in fact, immediately followed by the attendance of numerous public beheadings and gladiatorial style spectator deathsports across the Eastern Seaboard, which was occupied by French nobility.

Amidst one deathsport, Herbert, now weighing in at a portly five hundred and fifty pounds (sterling), lazily plucked some belly button lint from his navel. A faint cry for help was heard, it was Rudia!

"Get back in there, you old bag of dross!" Herbert was heard saying, as he tumbled down into the gladiator ring in a drunken haze. A club made contact with his crystalline skull, and made a dent that was the source of many headaches in future years. Now, Herbert was an impressively sized demonoid with enough spare whimsy to destroy one point five stadiums with his left toenail flick. As the stadium collapsed, Herbert found himself amidst rubble, and with Rudia in him, began to realize that she was influencing his thoughts subconsciously to send him on a road to ruin.





*A Genie (pictured in a turkish delight), congratulating Descartes on discovering the Cogito ergo Cum, c. 1637*

They decided to go to a marriage counselor, P.D. Millington, on some run-down boulevard in a typically run-down part of New Jersey. He happened to have a moustache himself, but this was not their primary concern. Although, to just note, Dr. Millington's moustache was in fact well groomed, fastidiously so, and actually, you may not need to know this, but had twenty three predecessors which were hung up in his home, next to photographs of his favorite vegetables.

Rudia began preening her consciousness-slop, and began the session with vile grievances. "Herbert no longer puts me into the same holes he used to," she shouted- "and my holes need greasing. He has too many urges for porcelain shaped hams and hamburger loaves at the local delicatessen. I want him to admit his guilt to me."

Dr. Witherspoon stroked his moustache, not at all concerned about their marital sanity, but contemplating how long he could get them to keep talking so he could go on vacation to Bermuda this fall. He looked towards Herbert and signaled to him to tell his side of the story.



“I like my meat, is all I can say,” Herbert replied, massaging his breasts, in the gelatin of his sensuality, “and if Rudia doesn’t like where my meat is going, then maybe I’m done with her and her holes, which, by the way, I cleared of chiggers last night.”

Dr. Witherton grasped his moustache, and turning to Rudia, he said, “And how does that make you feel?”

Clearly, however, Rudia wasn’t agreeing with the situation, for she began erupting into phlegmatic bursts of mind plasm, thereby opening up a plasmatic portal into another section of spacetime, and ruining Dr. Pithingspoon’s carpet. Yet surprisingly, Herbert followed.

This was not in part to any real desire of Rudia, but rather a desire to finish snacking on some stale sweets he left in Rudia’s petticoat jacket. Herbert was engaged in retrieving his sweets during interdimensional transport, but as he reached in Rudia’s coat pocket, three sharp blades emerged and started to slice sections of his fingers off. “Oh, I guess I’ll have to get that fixed someday”, Herbert muttered, still drooling and retrieving bloodied sweets. Now, Herbert was under strict orders not to eat any more tarts, for his tarter levels were already sky high. If he digested even one single tart more, his body would explode, and would find himself to be a gelatinous ball much like Rudia. In that state, he would certainly not be able to reach the counters of the local delicatessen to order his corned beef hash with pickle relish sandwiches. Given the choice between Rudia, tarts, and

more delicatessen sandwiches, he chose the latter- allowing Rudia to swallow the bloody tart whole and in turn become conscious of Herbert's left elbow's sensations.

"Get outta there!" Herbert exclaimed, and bounced his elbow off a nearby pigeon's head in an act of frustration. "That's my gettin' elbow!" he was heard saying, as he boarded a large floating dew droplet and made his way to the coast of Wales, searching for the right corned beef hash, and maybe another porcelain figure to clean his holes with.

Fragrant lumps of coal-meate wafted down the stairway where the remains of a beatle by the name of St. Freden ate the stench inhabited by an air duct fabricated by the Third Quartet of Striking Miners. In turn, a titmouse the shape of a red tailed eagle produced the GNP of Great Britain in the course of a days pitter patter of work. Sprinkled lightly around the corner were relics of a fabricated vacuum cleaner made by a lone soul, by the name of Secretary of State Allen Linder II. A subtle fermentation brought about by a shivering wind infused with brine swept up near Herbert's nostrils, whom stood downwinde of the stairs. Without the aide of Rudia, he now had no way of computing the distance between sacred delicatessens. With all of the accuracy of a wilting petal, Herbert planted a seed of evil inside his left nostril. The seed of evil grew and spread unevenly around his ankles into a bushy shrub which would anchor itself in the souls of the inhabited space of Wales upon Staffordshire, citiblock 48823H, Building Q, windowframe çjèltel ž.

"Very good," Herbert said, and adorned the bush with photographs of lanyards, which he was in the habit of collecting. A secret predilection stared Herbert in the nostril as he discarded his plans for a well ordered future....



## Epilogue: Captain Ahabenstein Finds His Nose



*It takes a great Seaman  
To sail a great Sea  
In this Great Anus*

The placenta is an organ which is the fetus's primary vehicle of exchange with the mother, and the entire universe... one might say for Captain Ahabenstein, the Sea is his placenta. The very transfusion of saltwater into his bowels nourishes him and stirs his animal milk, delivering the universe's very essence to his salty, pucked, sea-weathered lips. He is Shippe Captaine, Intrepide Seaman Extraordinaire, an oyster, a labradoodle, a frankfurter's cankersore, a canker's frankfurter sore, a ballpark frank, a frankball frank, Dentist's rectal floss, a Seale's Bladder in an Egg Spooone, a Haberdasher's Ass Cabinet, a Phlebotomist; whichever myriad incarnation of Noumena or Anima he takes in the spiraling coils of the Universal anus, it is just Captain Ahabenstein lost amidst the grand infinity of God and the Cosmic Egg which is ovulating within the eternal void.... in a porcelain shipboy's anus or a Chinese sex doll chamber or in the toilet chunks of a Spanish sewer, the everpresent kernel of Captain Ahabenstein, the Captaine of God's Cosmic Dementia Shippe, floats no matter what, married as he is to the ceaseless joy of the innumerable cells, organicules, and grains of sand infinitely creating themselves in the beautiful complexity that constitutes Life- and yet at the very same moment, it is never really Captain Ahabenstein at all, but his eternal game of hide-and-go-seek... in the universal communion of Being, everything is everything and nothing is everything. That is the closest that we can come to saying something something which transcends all Being and Non-Being and every other idea which clogs itself in the human brain.

Sweet dreams to you, dear Captain.